BY THE AUTHOR OF 'LILLIAN." [Now first published in this country.] "DEER is the bliss of the belted knight, When he kisses at dawn the silken glove,

And rides, in his glittering armor dight, To shiver a lance for his Lady-leve! "Lightly he couches the beaming spear; His mistress sits with her maidens by, Watching the speed of his swift career,

With a whispered prayer and a murmured sigh. "Far from me is the gazing throng, The blazoned shield, and the nodding plume; Nothing is mine but a worthless song, A joyless life, and a nameless tomb."

On such an eve is much amiss:
Our mirth beneath the new May Moon
Should be echoed by a livelier tune.
What need to thee of mail and crest, Of foot in stirrup, spear in rest? Over far mountains and deep seas, Earth hath no fairer fields than these; And who, in Beauty's gaudiest bowers Can love thee with more love than ours?

The minstrel turned with a moody look From that sweet scene of guiltless glee; From that sweet seem of gained states from the old who talked beside the brook,
And the young who danced beneath the tree
Coldly he shrank from the gentle maid,
From the chiding look and the pleading tone

And he passed from the old elm's hoary shade, And followed the forest path alone. One little sigh, one pettish glance And the girl comes back to her playmates now, ad takes her place in the merry dance,

With a slower step and a sadder brow. "My soul is sick," saith the wayward boy, Of the pensant's grief, and the pensant's joy;

Of the pensant's give, one day to day, I cannot breathe on from day to day, Like the insects, which our wise men say Like the insects, which work dwell, [cell; In the crevice of the cold reck dwell, [cell; Till their shape is the shape of their dungeon's In the dull repose of our changeless life, I long for passion, I long for strife, As in the calm the mariner sighs For rushing waves and grouning skies. On for the lists, the lists of fame! Oh for the herald's glad accinim; For floating pernon and prancing steed, And Beauty's wonder at Manhood's deed!"

Beneath an ancient oak he lay: More years than man can count, they say, On the verge of the dim and solemn wood, Through surshine and storm, that oak had stood. Many a loving, laughing sprite, Tended the branches by day and by night; And the leaves of its age were as fresh and green As the leaves of its early youth had been. Pure of thought should the mortal be Who sleeps beneath the Haunted Tree That night the minstrel had him down Ere his brow relaxed its sallen frown; And Slumber had bound his eyelids fast, Ere the evil wish from his soul had passed

And a song on the sleeper's ear descended, A song it was pain to hear, and pleasure, So strangely wrath and love were blended In every tone of the mystic measure.

"I know thee, child of earth: The morning of thy birth In through the lattice did my chariot glide;
I saw thy father weep Over thy first wild sleep, I rocked thy cradle when thy mother died.

"And I have seen thee gaze Upon these birks and braes, Which are my kingdoms, with irreverent scorn; And heard thee pour reproof

Upon the vine-clad roof, Beneath whose peaceful shelter thou wert born. "I bind thee in the snare Of thine unholy prayer; I seal thy forchead with a viewless seal:

The buckler and the brand, And clasp the golden spur upon thy heel. "When thou hast made thee wise In the sad lore of sighs, When the world's visions fail thee and forsake,

Return, return to me,
And to my Haunted Tree: [awake!"

Sir Isumbras, in doubt and dread, From his feverish sleep awake, And started up from his grassy bed Under the ancient onk.

And he called the page who held his spear,
And, "Tell me, boy," quoth he,
"How long have I been slumbering here,
Beneath the greenwood tree!"—
"Ere thou didst sleep, I chanced to throw
A stone into the rill;
And the ripule the rill;

And the ripple that disturbed its flow Is on its surface still:

Ere thou didst sleep, thou bad'st me sing King Arthur's favorite lay; And the first echo of the string Has hardly died away."

"How strange is sleep!" the young height said, As he clasped the helm upon his head, And, mounting again his courser black. To his gloomy tower rode slowly back:
"How strange is sleep! when his dark spell lies
On the drowsy lids of human eyes, The years of a life will float along In the compass of a page's song.

Methought I lived in a pleasant vale,
The haunt of the lack and the nightingale Where the summer rose had a brighter bue, And the noon-day sky a clearer blue, And the spirit of man in age and youth A fonder love, and a firmer truth. And I lived on, a fair-haired boy, In that sweet vale of tranquil joy ; Until at last v vain caprice Grew weary 6. its bliss and peace. And one there was, most dear and fair, Of all that smiled around me there—A gentle maid, with a cloudless face, And a form so full of fairy grace; Who, when I turned with scornful spleen From the feast in the bower, or the dance on the Would humor all my wayward will, [green, And love me, and forgive me, still. Even now, methinks, her smile of light Is there before me, mild and bright; And I hear her voice of fond reproof, Between the beats of my palirey's hoof.
'T is idle all: but I could weep;— Alas!" said the knight, " how strange is sleep!"

He struck with his spear the brazen plate That hung before the castle gate; The torch threw high its waves of flame As forth the watchful menials came : They lighted the way to the banquet hall. They hung the shield upon the wall, y spread the board, and they filled the bowl,

And the phantsms passed from his troubled soul. Sir Isumbras was ever found Where blows were struck for glory; There sate not at the Table Round A knight more famed in story: The king on his throne would turn about To see his courser prancing:

And, when Sir Launcelot was out, The queen would praise his dancing: quite wore out his father's spurs, Performing valor's daties-

Destroying mighty sorcerers, Avenging injured beauties, And crossing many a trackless sand, And rescuing people's daughters From dragons that infest the land, And whales that walk the waters

He throttled lions by the score, And giants by the dozen; And, for his skill in lettered lore, They called him 'Merlin's Cousin.'

A score of steeds, with bit and rein, Stood ready in his stable;

An ox was every morning slain, And roasted for his table.

And he had friends, all brave and tall.

And be had triends, all prave and tang.
And crowned with praise and laurel,
Who kindly feasted in his hall,
And tilted in his quarrel;
And minstrels came and sang his fame In very rugged verses; And they were paid with wine and game, And rings, and cups, and purses.

And he loved a Lady of high degree, Faith's fortress, Beauty's flower; A countess for her maid had she, And a kingdom for her dower;
And a brow whose frowns were vastly grand. And an eye of sunlit brightness,
And a swan-like neck, and an arm and hand

Of most bewitching whiteness: And a voice of music, whose sweet tones Could most divinely prattle Of battered casques, and broken bones, And all the birss of battle. He ware her scarf in many a fray,

He trained her hawks and ponies, And filled her kitchen every day With leverets and conie.; He loved, and he was loved again:

I won't waste time in proving. There is no pleasure like the pain

Of being loved, and loving. Dame Fortone is a fickle gipsy.

And always blind, and often upsy:
Sometimes, for years and years together,
She'll bless you with the sunniest weather,
Bestswing honer, pudding, pence,
You can't imagine why or whence;—
Then is a manual Prosto page. Then in a moment-Presto, pass!-You find your constitution vanish, Almost as quickly as the Spanish; The murrain speals your flocks and flocces; The dry-rot pulls your house to pieces; Your agent steals your title-deeds; Your banker's failure stuns the city; Your father's will makes Sugden witty; Your daughter, in her beauty's bloom, Goes off to Gretna with the groom; And you, good man, are left alone,

Ere long, Sir I sumbras began To be a sed and thoughtful man: They said the glance of an evil eye Had been on the knight's prosperity: Less true was his hourd on the wild deer's scent, And thrice in the list he came to the earth. By the luckless chance of a broken girth. At the board where Plenty erst had been And the guests smiled not as they smiled before, And the song of the minstrel was heard no more; And a base ingrute, who was his foe. Because, a little month ago. He had cut him down, with friendly arder, From a rusty hook in an Ogre's larder, Invented an atrocious fable, And biseled his fame at the Royal Table: And she at last, the worshiped one, For whom his valorous deeds were done, Who had heard his vows, and worn his jewels,

And made him fight so many duels— She, too, when Fate's relentless wheel Deprived him of the Privy Scal, Bestowed her smiles upon another, And gave his letters to her mother. Fortune and Fame—he had seen them depart.

With the silent pride of a valiant heart: Traitorous friends—he had passed them by, With a haughty brow and a stifled sigh. Boundless and black might roll the sea, 'er which the course of his bark must be; But he saw, thro' the storms that frowned above. One guiding star, and its light was Love. New all was dark; the doom was spoken! His wealth all spent, and his heart half-broken, Except in laudanum, or a rope.

He ordered out his horse, and tried, As the Leech advised, a gentle ride.
A pleasant path he took. Where the turf, all bright with the April show-Was spangled with a hundred flowers,

Beside a murmuring brook. Never before had he roved that way ; And now, on a sunny first of May, He chose the turning, you may guess, Not for the laughing leveliness Of turf, or flower, or stream; but only Because it looked extremely lonely.

He had wandered, musing, scarce a mile, In his melancholy mood, When, peeping o'er a rustic stile,

He saw a little village smile, Embowered in thick wood. There were small cottages, arrayed In the delicate jasmine's fragrant shade; And eardens, whence the rose's bloom And there were happy hearts; for all In that bright nook kept festival, And welcomed in the merry May With banquet and with roundelay. Sir Isumbras sate gazing there, With folded arms, and mournful air He fancied-'t was an idle whim-That the village looked like a home to him.

And now a gentle maiden came, Leaving her sisters and their game, And wandered up the vale; Sir Isumbras had never seen A thing so fair—except the Queen:— But out on Passion's doubts and fears Her beautiful eyes were full of tears.

And her cheeks were wan and pale

None courted her stay of the joyous throng. As she passed from the group alone; And he listened, which was very wrong, And heard her singing a lively song, In a very dismal tone:

Deep is the bliss of the belted knight, When he kisses at dawn the silken glove, And goes, in his glittering armor dight, To shiver a lance for his Lady-love!"—

That thrilling voice, so soft and clear-Was it familiar to his ear ! And those delicious, drooping eyes, As blue and as pure as the summer skies-Had he, indeed, in other days, Been blessed in the light of their holy rays ?

He knew not; but his knee he bent Before her in most knightly fashion. And grew superbly eloquent About her beauty, and his passion. He said that she was very fair,

And that she warbled like a linnet; And that he loved her, though he ne'er Had looked upon her till that minute. He grieved to mention that a Jew Had selzed for debt his grand pavilion;

And he had little now, 't was true,
To offer, but a heart and pillion:
But what was wealth! In many a fight—
Though he, who shouldn't say it, said it— He still had berne him like a knight. And had his share of blows and credit;

And, if she would but condescend To meet him at the Priest's to-morrow And be henceforth his guide, his friend. In every toil, in every sorrsw, They'd sail instanter from the Downs; His hands just new were quite at leisure;

And, if she fancied foreign crowns,

He'd win them with the greatest pleasure. "A year is gone"-the damsel sighed. But blushed not, as she so replied-Since one I loved—alas! how well He knew not, knows not—left our dell. Time brings to his deserted cot No tidings of his after lot; But his weal or wo is still the theme Of my daily thought and my nightly dream. Poor Alice is not proud or coy;

But her heart is with her minstrel boy."

Away from his arms the damsel bounded, And left him more and more confounded. He mused of the present, he mused of the past, And he felt that a spell was o'er him cast; He shed hot tears, he knew not why. And talked to himself and made reply, Till a calm o'er his troubled senses crept, And, as the daylight wanted, he slept. Poor gentleman!—I need not say, Beneath an ancient oak he lay.

"He is welcome,"—o'er his bed, Thus the beauteous Fairy said: "He has conned the lesson now, He has read the book of pain;

There are furrows on his brow, I must make it smooth again. "Lo, I knock the spurs away;

Lo, I loosen belt and brand: Hark! I hear the courser neigh For his stall in Fairy-land. "Bring the cap, and bring the vest, Buckle on his sandal shoon; Fetch his memory from the chest

In the treasury of the Moon. "I have taught him to be wise.

For a little maiden's sake:—

Look, he opens his bright eyes. Softly, slowly :-minstrel, wake !

The sun has risen, and Wilfind is com To his early friends and his cottage heme His hazel eyes and his locks of gold Are just as they were in the time of old; But a blessing has been on the soul within For that is won from its secret sin;

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ber, one of the Masters of this Coirf, on the 1stit any of September next at 12 o'clock at mon of that day, all times is certain lots, pirces or parcels of land situate. Lying and being in the Twelfth Ward of the City of New-York, known, and distinguished on a maje entitled "Map of property in the Twelfth Ward of the City of New-York, belonging to Henry it. Leeds, Russel Steblans, David A. Comstock, John R. Peters, Absalom Peters, John Rrower and Jacob Brower, and filed in the office of the City and County of New-York as Lots Nos. 77, 78, 79, 80, 123, 126, 127, and 128, hounded and containing as follows, that is to say Lots Nos. 77, 78, 79 and 50, 123, 126, 127, and 128, hounded and containing as follows, that is to say Lots Nos. 77, 78, 79 and 50, taken together. Begin at a point on the southerly side of 27th street, distant 590 set westerly from the corner formed by the intersection of the westerly side of the 6th avenue with the southerly side of 27th street, running thence southerly on a lose parallel with said 6th avenue and along the westerly side of Lo. No. 51 on said map, 28 feet 9 inches to Lot No. 85 on said wap, thence westerly along the rears of Lots No. 65, 61, 65 and wo on said map 100 feet, to Lot No. 76 on said map thence westerly along the easterly side of said last mentioned Lot on a line parallel with said 6th avenue 81 feet 9 inches to the southerly side of 27th street, thence conterly along the southerly side of 57th street, thence conterly along the southerly side of 57th street, thence conterly along the southerly side of 27th street aforesaid, 135 feet to the place of beginning. Lots Nos. 125, 175, 127 and 125, takes together 18 gain at a point on the southerly side of 25th street, distant 230 feet westerly side of the 6th avenue, with the outherly sele of 25th street, maning theore southerly sele of 25th street, maning theore southerly sole of 25th street, and a southerly sole of 25th street, and a southerly sole of 25th street, was a southerly sole of 25th street, maning theore souther woutherly sele of "Sen street, running thence southerly along the westerly side of Lot No. 123 or said map, on a line parallel with the cla account aforeand, 95 foot buckes to Lot No. 101 on said map, thence westerly along the rear of Lots Fos. 101, 102, 103 and 104 on said map, 100 foot to Lot No. 124 on said may, thence northerly along the map. of Lots Nos. 101, 102, 103 and 104 on said map, 100 feet to Lot No. 124 on said map, thence northerly along the cas-terly sole of said last mentioned Lot, on a line parallel with said 6th avenue 95 feet 9 mones to the southerly side of 25th street aforesaid, thence cesterly along the southerly side of 25th street aforesaid, 100 feet to the place of beginning.

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